G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR; JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

Correspondence.

A LETTER FROM MRS. STOWE.

Boston, February 2, 1855. To the Editor of the National Era: Our old city is unusually animated this winter. Generally so respectably stupid and sented life. Lectures abound, and are crowded.

and the opera is said never to have drawl such fill and brilliant houses. restal. Tickets have been sold at a premium, and the hall, which seets about three thou-

sand, has generally been as full as it could be that all the more decided, fearless, and outsucken expressions of feeling, such as once surring with a greater enthusiasm than during much seem to produce feeling, as to develop

hat which exists. On this subject the whole ir seems to be charged with electricity, and a reaker seems to be only the conductor through dom it flashes into expression. that Wendell Phillips, who in other days a disarganizer and a madman, has drawn set of any this winter; and that, though his lecture was to prove the Then he was heard throughout without the reendeavor to account for this fact, by atchuting to Mr. Phillips an almost fabulous estery of the magical arts of oratory. As Luther, the Romish tractarians

hemselves to the great change it to the oratorical power of favorite. Pray ask him for another! mindividual. They forget the days when the same dazzling, smooth, and polished eloquence spent its lightnings almost wholly in vais, and that such an audience would once have reegularity. Every year lifts it higher. in the face with a serious scru-It is true that the Northern public have in which they are willing to sit

gly, "confounded Chaos roars." daughters; and the deep, hot heart

ort them on no other terms. The ce of the people was at their doors :

the people were right. The country some-

be in the right place; and we predict that even hostilities. He presented himself before their France, instigated by the Holy Alliance, was better of the Republic than he." One of the principal sensations of Boston

this winter, has been caused by the course of lasteros harangued the troops, who marched Lectures on Poetry, delivered by Russell Low- and rescued their general. Riego then retreat-

has been entirely impossible to accommodate fined at La Carolina, whence he was conveyed all who sought admission; and Mr. Lowell has to Madrid, and there tried and executed, by repeated them afternoons to equally thronged houses. The course is upon English Poetry, 7th November. On the 12th August, Corunna and comprises a history of English Poetry and

ten more truly poetical than the poems he reviews. These lectures, so fell of Hought reviews. These lectures, so fell of Hought reviews. These lectures, so fell of Hought reviews. These lectures, and feeling, are destined to make their mark in our literary history.

Resistance was now hopeless, and the Constitutional Ministers proposed an armistice, with the view to a Treaty, which the Duke refused. That proposal was indeed conveyed in the King's Yet we trust the author will not forget, in the own handwriting. The answer of the Duke It is a noticeable thing about these lectures, brilliance of his success, that it is the poet's was, that he would only negotiate with Ferdi-He added, "that when the King should be free,

Let him give more works for future historians to record. The brilliance of Lowell's wit he would engage his Majesty to publish a genenot till recently appreciated the wide scope, the deep reening, the exquisite word painting, and character of his people." pieces. There is a spirit and sprightliness about his most careless sketch, that shows the hand of a master. To those who have delighted in him, merely as the gay and entertaining almost any of the fugitive pieces in his two volumes of Poems, and they will find him ising before their mind in a new attitude.

Can America have and cherish poets? Certainly. Does she not? Is our hot, busy, talky, news-mongering age, favorable to the poet? For one reason, it is particularly so. The sensitive heart is wearied and overworn with this and attentive silence. The pa- for the unreal, the dreamy. In this reactive bustling materiality, and longs for a contrastmood of our over-driven society lies the poet's people long for green trees and quiet streams; and year by year his sway over us will increase. weight to cover up the mighty fact that of the Witness the success of Whittier's last beautiful was suppressed; but this amnesty excluded the ement of society by ascribing to idyl, Maud Muller, which has found its way, other superhuman gifts of person, intellect, like a flash from the Era, into newspapers and magazines through the country. We have met emselves to the great change in the commuit in the parlor and the kitchen, everywhere a Los Calozas, Isla de Leon, Corunna, Saragossa,

Since poetry is eternal, and the need of it constant, the Poet can never cease out of our | 2d. Those of the Madrid conspiracy, in March, land. H. B. S.

REVOLUTIONS OF SPAIN-NO. 5. [CONCLUDED.] The Duke of Angouleme, on entering Spain

out forward the following proclamation: "Span ards! everything will be done for you and with you. The French are, and only will be, your auxiliaries; your own flag will alone wave over your cities; the provinces that my soldiers shall traverse will be administered in the name of Ferdinand, by Spanish authorities. We do not pretend to impose upon you laws; we only deire to restore to you order."

This was at least conciliatory in spirit and ourteous in language; but three days before the Duke's proclamation appeared, another document had been issued from the French territory, of a most grossly offensive character. glory of exterminating the Revolutionary Hydra. The Provisional Junta of Government declares that sovereignty resides entirely in the King, and emanates from him. Spaniards! your Government declares that it does not Government established by rebellion, and that onsequently it temporarily re-establishes things in the state in which they were previously to he 7th March, 1820." This was indeed an

insulting defiance, certainly not calculated to effect a peaceful restoration of the absolute prerogative, but to rouse every patriotic Spanard to the most vigorous resistance. But strange to say, among this extraordinary people, who had displayed national feelings with a constancy and intensity that electrified all Europe, in the contest against Napoleon, all energy was paralyzed, although the official returns of the army of Spain, at the invasion,

to Madrid without resistance. On the 18th May, pocket!" They shamed her the Count Abisbal, who commanded the garri-'son of Madrid, surrendered the capital, which the French entered on the 20th. Mina, who commanded in Catalonia, having offered a vain resistance, embarked for England on the 7th November, and he has the glory of being the thern dealings, said to us not long last to submit. On the 26th June, Morillo, to whom the defence of Gallicia had been intrusted, issued a proclamation, declaring that "he would not acknowledge the Government illegally estabotten it. I never will. My partner and lished by the Cortes," though from that Government he derived his command. He signified his intention of sending a flag of truce to the ose them all; but our stand is ta- French, and propose a suspension of hostilities. The preamble to this convention contains the following passages, which illustrate the disunieling, the Henry Wilson was borne juncture. "The cause which we defend, although just in its origin, and honorably susbecause that party knew the State tained, ceased to be so from the moment when the majority of the nation pronounced against it, and especially after what happened to the King and royal family, on their departure from Seville, when the King was placed in a state of captivity, which left him no freedom to act, even within the circle of the powers assigned to him by the Constitution. Henceforward. longer to obey it, and in this manner to prolong, from a shoemaker's bench," he will and even to aggravate, the enormous misfortunes Let him be proud of it. Other men which already weigh us down. Influenced by by colleges and schools. This man these causes, and animated and supported by the sentiments of the whole army under my

who learned to hammer out soles on his lapstone, before he tried his hand at hammering
the Constitution. Old Roger, however, compromised with Slavery, which Henry Wilson
will not, His vote and his speech will always

Walender out soles on his lapthe Granada, as the French advanced. On the
shores, billows, skies evanished from them,
the Constitution committed against the
Granada, as the French advanced. On the
shores, billows, skies evanished from them,
horse's necktion
the Christinos availed themselves, to sanction the
first acts of retaliation committed against the
Carlists, in the civil war which followed the
shores, billows, skies evanished from them,
horse's necktion
the Christinos availed themselves, to sanction the
first acts of retaliation committed against the
cach struggling through the rapidly mounting
waters in that direction which he fancied in his
blindness should be shoreward. No one of them
the Madrid Regency. Riego left Cadiz, hoping
to prevail on the army of Ballasteros to renew
will not, His vote and his speech will always

We have seen that the invasion of Spain by

"Read that, sir."
He took the letter, and read:
"Forgive me; I have been too, too hasty—
too sudden. I should have warned you of my
waters in that direction which he fancied in his
blindness should be shoreward. No one of them
the Madrid Regency. Riego left Cadiz, hoping
to prevail on the army of Ballasteros to renew
will not, His vote and his speech will always

"Read that, sir."
He took the letter, and read:
"Milly, you remember the wild agony that
count for it, a strange feeling of dread came
to sudden. I should have warned you of my
waters in that direction which he fancied in his
blindness should be shoreward. No one of them
to sudden. I should have warned you of my
waters in that direction which he added, af
the took the letter, and read:

"Milly, you remember the wild agony that
count for it, a strange feeling of dread came
to prevail on the man whom
to sudden. I should have warned you of my
to sudden. I should have w

command, solemnly and authentically declared.

I have determined to enter into negotiation

his classical compatriot, Sumner, will not merit lines, and demanded an interview with the general, whose person he seized, after having disarmed his escort; but one of the officers of Baled, and on the 15th August was captured by a Such a rush has there been to them, that it division of the corps of Molitor. He was concapitulated to the French commander, Bourke. The Duke of Angouleme advanced to Cadiz. Every lecture has been a brilliant success—On the 31st August, the Trocdero was carried, even, as reported in the daily papers, are of and a few days afterwards the castle of St. Petri. On the 31st August, the Trocdero was carried,

has so dazzled the eyes of many, that they have ral amnesty, and to give, or at least promise of his free will to give, such institutions as he the deep feeling, the exquisite word painting, should judge to be best adapted to the manners On the 1st of October, it was agreed that the Royal family should embark for Port St. Mary's; but, before his departure from Cadiz, he was compelled to issue a decree "promising obliv- who was to extend his dominions to the Rhine, companion, we would recommend a study of ion of the past, retention of rank, personal his Vision of Sir Lamfel, or Beaver Brook, or security, and the recognition of the public debt." On the day that Ferdinand arrived at Port St.

nand himself, when he was restored to liberty.

Mary's, he published a declaration by which he annulled all the decrees of the late Government, and confirmed all the acts of the Madrid Regency. Thus the ancient regime was established. the monasteries restored to their former possessors, and everything placed upon the same footing as before the La Isla mutiny; and thus the faithless Ferdinand broke every engagement he had made on quitting Cadiz.

On the 20th May, 1824, an amnesty was hope and sphere. We long for him, just as city published, dated from Aranjuez. It was to comprehend all political offences from 1820 to the end of October, 1823, when the revolution following classes, and thus rendered it a delu-

> 1st. The authors of the military rebellions at Oviedo, and Barcelona, when the Constitution was proclaimed.

1820. Ocana mutiny, and especially Count de Abes-

4th. The authors of the Provisional Junta mentioned in the decree of 9th March, 1820. 5th. Those who signed or authorized any ocument for taking away the Royal functions, ppointing a regency, or subjecting any memper of the Royal family to a judicial process.

6th. Those who in the secret societies prooted any of the above-named objects 7th. The writers or editors of works tending bring the religion of the State into disrepute. 8th. The authors of the Madrid commotion f 19th February, 1823, when the palace was of 19th February, 1823, when the palace was no longer any, were not to be distinguished violated, and the King deprived of his prerogative of naming Ministers.

9th. The judges who condemned General

Archdeacon Vinnesa, the Bishop of Vich, and Archdeacon Vinnesa, the Bishop of Vich, and of those committed in the city of Granada; and at Corunaa, on the persons confined in the castle of St. Anton.

Well as well as well as the Coruna of the pale horse of the Apocalypse, with a sound deeper and more appalling than the roar of the fiercest thunder. He saw the

11th. The members of the Cortes who voted for the King's deposition and the formation of dawned on the souls of his savage pursuers. Regency in the sitting of the 11th July, 1823. Exemptions so numerous deprived the ammilitary occupation of the whole country, re- was blank. actionary movements soon commenced. In iberals attempted to seize Tortosa, and were defeated on both occasions. They failed also at Peniscola. In 1827, insurrection broke out in Catalonia, where a Regency was established, and a Gazette published, entitled the "Catalonian Royalist," for, strange to say, it was a Royalist movement, and 24,000 men were un-der arms. These insurgents complained that the King was too favorable to the Constitutionalists. They published a proclamation, in which, after professing their devoted loyalty to the throne, they ask, "What might not be said, on the infraction of the sovereign decrees issued for the purpose of granting employments to the royalists, particularly that of the 9th August, 1824, which orders that they shall have the preference? How many orders has not his Majest issued for the execution of those de-

crees, particularly for the punishment of the revolutionists, and for indemnifying, in preference to all other things, the towns and villages, for the damage and loss they sustained in decrees, particularly for the punishment of the for the damage and loss they sustained in de-fence of the just cause? All this has been done in vain; the royalists have been exposed the constitutionalists have been employed, and the royalists dismissed. Finally, important offices have been conferred on constitutional militiamen, while the honorable titles of remilitiamen, while the honorable titles of religion, fidelity, and loyalism, have become motives of exclusion. Catalonians! these are the reasons which have made us take up arms in defence of our well-beloved monarch. Hasten, riders were visible above the wash. A moment then, to exterminate impiety, injustice, and all of suspense, almost intolerable, for every one the men in place who belong to the dark sects of freemasons, communeros, and other sedition ists, who govern under the mask of moders

this juncture that reports were first spread of Don Carlos aspiring to the throne by deposing his brother. The prince, indignant at this calumny, demanded an inquiry, and was honorably acquitted by the commission appointed to collect and examine evidence; but Ferdi-nand still suspected him, and had, indeed, become jealous of his popularity after they left Cadiz, in 1823. Queen Amelia having no Local insurrections were fomented by the migrants down to 1831. On the 22d of

March, in that year, a decree appeared in the Gazette, establishing a military commission at Madrid, and in the provincial capitals, where it same instant, just as they uttered one wild cry with Count Molitor, commanding the second the and be comforted. Other folks, it have done so before us; and that is ing, in this precedent-loving world. To there has been one of the leather craft power was gone, and others soon followed the cample of Morillo. Ballasteros, who held the comforted of the french army."

The Cadiz Cortes denounced Morillo as a traitor, and sentenced him to death; but their power was gone, and others soon followed the cample of Morillo. Ballasteros, who held the comforted. Other folks, it might be found necessary, for the trial of persons taken in arms upon the Spanish territory, or engaged in exciting rebellion. This decree enjoins the observance of the Ordinance of the leather craft power was gone, and others soon followed the example of Morillo. Ballasteros, who held death, after a summary trial, in the cases above mentioned. Of this ordinance and despair, or ere they could turn their horses' heads landward, a deep could turn the provincial capitals, where it might be found necessary, for the trial of persons taken in arms upon the Spanish territory, or engaged in exciting rebellion. This decree enjoins the observance of the Ordinance of the latter has been one of the leather craft their horses' heads landward, a deep could turn the provincial capitals, where it might be found necessary, for the trial of persons taken in arms upon the Spanish territory, or engaged in exciting rebellion. This decree enjoins the observance of the Ordinance of the latter has been one of the training and in the provincial capitals, where it is a state of the capital st

really an attempt to revive the exploded doctrine of the divine right of Kings. As already remarked, it was an effort to rule Europe by Congresses, taking from each nation its separate and independent right of self-government. From this conspiracy England stood aloof, but at the same time she struck a deadly blow at despotism in the New World. Spain wished to retain her South American Colonies in their old state of subjection, and the Holy Alliance. retain her Sonth American Colonies in their old state of subjection, and the Holy Alliance concurred in that policy; but the command of the sea rested with Great Britain. During the war against Napoleon the Great, England had carried on a flourishing trade with those colonies, from which every foreigner han been previously excluded. It was her interest to continue those commercial advantages, and she tinue those commercial advantages, and she accordingly sympathized with the insurgents against the Royal authority. At length it became obvious that Old Spain, with her own resources, could not reconquer her transmarine possessions, and it was justifiable in England not to suffer them to be subdued by France known that France coveted some of those colonies, as a compensation for restoring Ferdinand to absolutism. Under these circumstances, Mr. Canning recognised their independence, and rectified the lost balance of power in the Old World by proclaiming liberty in the New World. From this blow the despotism of Europe never recovered. From that period the influence of the Holy Alliance declined. A new revolution dethroned the older branch o and aid Nicholas in seizing Constantinople Dis aliter visum. All these projects have been defeated. It takes years to mature great events; but when we look backward, we see

The Spanish marriages ruined Louis Philippe.
Such is the teaching and the value of history.

London.

J. D. Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1854, by PHILIP H. ANTHON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.] FOR THE NATIONAL HEA.

plainly the links that connect the past with the

present. Where is Russia now, once so formidable at the head of the Holy Alliance? Pros-

trate. Where is Austria? Allied with Turkey,

and embattled against the Czar. Where is Prussia? Isolated and despised. The invasion

of Spain ruined Napoleon the Great. Another

invasion led to the exile of the elder Bourbons

SHERWOOD FOREST. WAGER BY BATTLE.

A Tale of Saxon Slavery in the Twelfth Century. BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

CHAP. XV-Concluded. The party which had taken the sands at the ed upon the fugitive, that he had no longer a chance of crossing the course of the Kent in advance of them. If he persisted in his course, ten minutes more would have placed him under the counters of their horses and the point of their lances. The other body, who had followed him directly, had already perceived their interest had noticed by and extended to their had not been already perceived their interest. danger, had pulled up, and were retracing their steps slowly, trying to pick their way through the driest ground, and, coasting up and down horses. Lower down the bay, by a mile or two, they were the first to be overtaken, the sands were already all afloat, all treacherous ooze,

around them; the banks, dry places there were Suddenly, seeing himself cut off, blinded by his immediate terrors, and thinking only to avoid the more instant peril, Eadwulf turned southward; turned toward the billows, which were now coming in, six feet abreast, not two hopelessness of his position; and, at the same

In that one glance, all was revealed to them every thought, every incident, every action of their past lives, flashed before the eyes of their nesty of all its grace; and, although France had mind, as if reflected in a mirror; and then all

Every rein was drawn simultaneously, ever August, 1824, some emigrants' assembled at horse halted where he stood, almost belly deep Gibraltar, whence they embarked for Spain, and landed on the coast Colonel Valder dead beat by that fruitless gallop; and now and landed on the coast. Colonel Valdez the soil, everywhere beneath them and about seized Tarifa, but was soon expelled. Iglesias, by trade a silversmith, landed at Marbella, was captured and shot. Bazan met a similar fate on the coast of Alicant. In 1825 and 1826, the deep without finding water; and the waves were gaining on them, with more than the speed of charging cavalry, and the nearest shore was

which might perhaps overtop the entering flood for an hour's space or better, lay Eadwulf, the serf. Utterly beaten, unable to move hand or foot, unable even to raise his head, or look the coming death in the face, where he had fallen,

Two minutes, and the farthest of those horse men might have taken him, might have speared him, where he lay, unresisting, unbeseeching But none thought of him, none thought of any thing, but the sea-the sea.

They paused for an instant to breathe their before turning to ride that desperate horses. determined, as it seemed, at all risks, to force their way back through the channel of the Beetham water, and entered it one by one, in sinmail-clad rider bringing up the rear. Each af-ter each, lower they sank and lower, their horses struggling and rolling in the surge. on the counterpart and perfect picture of what must in a few minutes, more or less, be his own fate also! A moment, and the guide's horse struggled upward, his withers reappeared, his croupe-he had cleared the channel, he was l safe. A light page followed him, with the like success; two half-armed troopers followed; already, presaging safety, a shout of exultation trembled on the lips of the spectators, when the mail-clad rider on his heavy horse reached the mid passage—reached the spot where his horse should have gradually emerged—then in an in-stant, in the twinkling of an eye, before one

could breathe a sigh or syllable, a last "God save him"—he sank, sheer and sudden, as if the bottom had yawned under him, and without an effort, a cry, a struggle, was sucked an-

Strange it is to tell, but truths are oft-times very strange, stranger than fiction, at that sharp awful cry, wrenched by the horrible catastrophe of their comrade from the souls of his pursuers, aroused from the stupor which had fallen upon him between the excess of weariness and the extremity of despair, Eadwulf raised his head. He saw the white surf tossing and breaking furiously in the distance; he saw the long line of deep, unbroken, swelling water, which had not been driven up from the sea, but had gushed and welled upward through the pores of the saturated sand, rolling in five feet abreast, far in advance of the white rollers; swifter than either, darker and more terrible, he saw the ink-black, ragged hail storm, a mere mist on the waters' surface, but, above, a contorted pile of solid, convoluted clouds, driving in, like a hurricane, before the breath of the rushing

But, in that one lightning glance, he saw also on the dark polished surface of the smooth water, it advance of the breakers, under the stormeloud, a long black object, hurrying down before wind and tide, with speed exceeding that of the fleetest race horse, right upon the spot where he sat, despairing. He recognised it, at once, for one of the leathern coracles, as they were called, or rude fishing boats of the natives of those wild and stormy shores; the rudest pertaps, but at the same time the most buoyant and seaworthy of boats. She was empty, he saw that at a glance, and rode the waves, outstripping the breakers, gallantly. Could he reach her, he might yet be saved.

He sate erect on his rock, resolute, with every nerve quivering with intense excitement, with every faculty braced, ready for the last exer-

The cloud fell on him black as midnight; the fierce wind smote his elf-locks, making them stream and shiver in its currents; the cutting hail lashed him with arrowy keenness. Quickly as it came, it passed; and a gleam of troubled sunshine shimmered through a rent in the black storm, and glanced like a hopeful smile upon the waters. In that momentary brilliance, the wretch caught a glimpse of the black boat, floating past his solitary rock, and without an instant's hesitation, rushing waist deep into the frothy eddies, fought his way, he never well knew how, thorough surge and quicksand, till he had caught her by the gunwale. Then, spur-ring the yielding sands with a tremendous effort, he leaped, or hurled himself rather, into her and lay for a breathing space motionless, and stunned by the very perception of the strange vicissitude to which he owed his safety. But it was no time for self-indulgence; and,

gnorant as he was, semi-barbarous, and halfrutalized, he perceived the nature of the crisis. in store for us." The oars or paddles by which the coracle was impelled were lashed by thongs to her row-locks, and, getting them out at once, Eadwulf plied them vigorously, keeping her right stern before the entering tide, and pulling with all his might, to outstrip the combing of each suc-

and the storm-cloud been driven landward. And now, so dexterously had the serf man aged his little vessel, that, as he shot away from each combing sea-cap, the surges had swept under instead of over him, and be found himself riding buoyantly on the long, gentle swell,

Suddenly, close ahead of him, not as it seemed ten yards from the bow of the boat, there arose an angry clash of steel, a loud cry, the next instant, the body of a riderless horse, with its head half submerged, panting and snorting out its last agonies, was swept so close out of this place. I have resources in Pari to his vessel that he could have touched it with which are immediately available. Here is my the oar. One other minute, and a light air was purse. You will find in it some twenty or thin felt sensibly, the mist began to lift and shiver, the darkness seemed to melt, and to be pene trated and imbued with the sunbeams, till it resembled a gauzy veil interposed before a strong light.

Another moment, and it rose bodily from the water, floated upward into the skies, and left all below laughing, clear in the sunlight. There was no sand now to be seen, save a narrow yellow stripe on the edge of the soft verdant points, which stretched out from the shores of Westmoreland, sparkling in the sun and glittering in the rain-drops, into the broad bosom of Morecambe bay, which was now filled with the tide, though it had not as yet nearly already outside of the prison. The turnkey look risen to its highest mark-but here and there, at intervals, dark spots showed in the expanse of waters, where the tops of the highest sandbanks were scarcely submerged at all, on which the gentle eddies rippled and sparkled, as wave-

escaped. Heaven knows how, quicksands and reakers, and having made his way thus far andward, sat a tall, powerful man-at-arms, sheathed from head to heel in a complete panoply of chain mail. His horse was likewise caparisoned in the heaviest bardings—chamfront and poitrel, steel demipique and bard proper—nothing was wanting of the heaviest with maturing their plans for evading the po parison with which charger or man ever ode into the tilt-yard or melée.

The tide was already above the horse's belly, and the rider's plated shoes and mail hose were him on every side, the nearest shore a mile distant, and to swim fifty yards, much less a mile, under that weight of steel, was impossible; still he sat there, waiting his doom, silent and im-

of the two parties, who but three short hours ing to Gaetano, "the bars are cut through before had spurred so fiercely in pursuit of the and I can take out the window when I like." wretched slave, had escaped the fate of Phaabove them. He alone breathed the breath of life; and he, certain of death, awaited it with that calm composure, which comes to the

As the clouds lifted, this solitary man saw at once, the boat approaching, and saw who rewed it—saw rescue close at hand, yet at the "Go same time saw it impossible. His face had hardly the time to relax into one gleam of hope, before it again settled down into the iron apathy of despair.

The coracle swept up abreast of him, then paused; as Eadwulf, half unconsciously, rested

blank features of his enemy. It was the seneschal of Waltheofstow, the brother of the
man whom he had slain in the forest.

Their ever met the man the senthe man whom he had slain in the forest.

"The sentinel is almost under the sentinel is al Their eyes met, they recognised each other and each shuddered at the recognition. For a moment, neither spake; but, after a short, bitter pause, it was the rider who broke silence.

"So, it is thou, Saxon dog, who alone hast escaped from this destruction!"
"It is I, man-hunter. Where are thy boasts and threats now? Why dost not ask the serf, now, for life, for mercy?"

"Because thou could'st not give it, if thou

thy ways, go thy ways! We shall meet one day, in that place whither our deeds will carry us. Go thy ways, unless thou would'st stay, and look he would save his own sworn destroyer. Sul-lenly, slowly, he rowed onward, reached the land; and still, as he looked back, with his

and who bore it so sternly, awaiting the last inevitable moment with more than a stoic's fortitude and pride. For a moment he hesitated whether he should pursue his journey; but an irresistible fascination compelled him to sit down and await the end, and he did so. And there those two sat, face to face, at mile's distance, for a long half hour, in plain tance to go first. When, after another and a upon her knees, with clasped hands riew, each almost fancying he could peruse the longer pause, he heard Mark's voice again adwhite and trembling, she whispered: features, almost fancying that he could read the thoughts of his enemy—each in agony of soul, and he perhaps in the greater anguish who had

escaped, as it would seem, all peril, and for whom death seemed to wait, distant and un-seen, at the end of a far perspective. At the termination of half an hour, there was a motion, a strife—the water had reached nostrils of the charger. He tossed his head a few times, angrily; then, after rearing once or twice, with his rider yet erect in his saddle, subsided into the deep water, and all

think I would betray you?"
"You go on, and then I'll believe you don't Eadwulf crept away up the bank, found deep diugle in the wood, and, coiling himself up in its densest spot, slept, dreamless and un-repentant, until the morrow's sun was high in atond mischia!," retorted Aveling. won't trust you now; no, not if you were to swear by ten thousand Gospels. You go."

For the National Era. LEONARD WRAY.

A ROMANCE OF MODERN HISTORY.

CHAP. XXVI-Concluded. "Better not to run that risk," gasped th

"Perhaps!" growled Mark.

"It is agreed, then," said his companion.

"I mean that, Mister Attorney," joined Av. ling, bitterly; "but you have not told me yet how I am going to get back the money I handed over to you, or the papers you know of. It was a bargain between us, and you have not only cheated me out of my property, and out of my revenge, but you have brought me here. What have you to say to that?"

"I have to say I meant honestly," retorted he attorney, deadly pale with agitation; for Mark's resolute manner, and the singularly malicious expression of his countenance unnerved him. "You ought not to make me responsible for the treachery of my servants, nor to expect me to guard against a danger you yourself cannot, now you know the facts of the case, but regard as having been almost an mpossible contingency. But this is not the noment for explanations. Let us rather direct our energies to saving ourselves from the fate

for I take it that it will be hard to prove much against me. I am an American citizen; and if our ambassador will not demand redress for this insult and injury, when I call on him to do so, I will see whether I cannot put my finger on a man that will demand it in the name of sorrow or pain while Widow Smith the cone word of truth as he should be able to cone word of truth as he should be able to continued; then the mist gathered down again, on a man that will demand it in the name of and all was gloom, except the white caps of the the country I belong to. My case is different good reasons for wanting to get away, not only om this infernal hole, but out of the country altogether. What is more, I tell you candidly that if I did not want to get away myself, I would not help you; that's a fact. However, pleasant. There is one thing, however, I must have, and that is money; at least, enough to enable me to get out of the country. You will

retorted Mark, taking the purse. "Very well I will look upon it as an instalment. With what I have, I shall be able to manage pretty well. It is lucky, too, that I had made all m arrangements for leaving the country, so my passport is ready, only it is at home. However,

must risk something, I suppose. And now for the plan." They sat down to talk it over, and the more they considered it, the more feasible it appear accomplished successfully, and they were already outside of the prison. The turnkey looked in twice or thrice, and before evening came to the conclusion that they were decidedly very liberal fellows; he even hoped, in secret, that let after wavelet rolled in by its own mounting impulse, but hastened by no angry gust or turbulent billow.

On one of these sand-banks, having so long discharge from his custody. When he closed the door upon them for the night, he expressed a hope that they would sleep well, and promised faithfully to bring them each a cup of cafe aulait and a roll, the first thing in the morning

lice, once clear of the prison, one thing is cer-tain, namely, that neither of the prisoners spoke for a long, long time, after the turnkey had withdrawn. Perhaps two hours had elapsed, yet the silence remained unbroken; except only that, during the chief part of the latter po tion of the time, there was a continuous but slight sound, like a hissing, which came from the window where Mark had taken up his posithe room, and, taking the paper, ran her eye over the paragraph which her terrified old

gether, and without exchanging a word, they removed the three iron bars, and then, with very slight effort, took out the frame, bodily which held the window-panes, and deposited against the wall.

"The moon is hidden behind the clouds." muttered Martin, "and everything appears out below, upon the quay?"

"Not till I get through these bars, I can't," retorted Mark. Resolutely, then, and as noiselessly as possi ble, he recommenced sawing, and in less than half an hour the outer bars yielded, and were

thing!"
"You forget that I once lived in New York a rope I could lassoo and string him up."

"There is a strong wind blowing," remarked Gaetano, "and it blows towards us. We must Mrs. Smith. I have no fears, and go I must. make the attempt, now we have commenced it, or our last hope is gone. Let me look out."

Mark made way for him, and the attorney cautiously thrust his head out, and took a surbe temptin' Providence to stay alone. Some folks aint afeard o' the face o' clay, and Miss

vey. In a few minutes he drew in again. "There is no gutter-pipe close enough for us to lay hold of," he said; "but I can nearly touch the iron-gutter over-head. By standing on the sill, I could easily grasp it, by a good effort. But what will you do, Monsieur Ave-

prison cell swung back upon its hinges, and, almost before he could lift his eyes to ascertain and a place to spring to," retorted Mark, "and if it is not more than four feet off the ground, the cause, a slight figure sprang through, and, flinging her arms around his neck, cried, amid I'll stake my head on reaching it." making way for Mark.
"It is ticklish," said he, after examining the "Oh, Horace! Dear, dear Horace!" He recoiled, shuddered, shrunk within the height, "for if you miss your hold, it's a good clasp of those loving arms. She felt it, and

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dressing him, he started, and clung to the win-

"Are you going?" asked Mark, "or shall I

"You-you go;" stammered the attorney

further than I can see you. It would be very

now-still, and, tipping on his toos, reached to

Oh! What a horrid shriek, and what a dull.

Did his foot slip, or did the dark form with-

n the chamber, with his deadly and determin-

ed purpose in his mind, push his accomplice

backwards, down, headlong down? He fell

with his head upon the stones, close at the sen-tinel's feet, over which the brains and blood

pattered, all warm. He fell with a terrible

figure at which he sent the whistling ball was

oo nimble; and though, in less than an hour,

the whole neighborhood was aroused, the prison-

For the National Era.

HORACE GRESHAM.

BY MARTHA RUSSELL.

cheerful soul, and loves a cheerful room.
"We shall have it colder to-morrow, Miss

Milly"-glancing at the west, where the sun

lown to-day, and those clouds look like Novem-

Milly does not need to be told that winter i

taught her, so burdened by some secret unhap-piness; and his mother's thought comes to her

away, if he would not be more likely to stay in the old place; to bring home some happy bride

of graves with deeper longings than before.

Mrs. Smith, who had laid aside her knitting

"deaths, marriages, accidents," &c., her favorite reading, suddenly startled her with her—

prison. Lord! Lord! But, for pity's sake, don't look so, child. You scare me to death.

Milly sprang to her feet, and for a moment her light form swayed back and forth, as if it

would fall; but, recovering herself, she crossed

"That man was my father. He died more

"Yes. There is some terrible mistake here.

We must go to him at once, Mrs. Smith. We

can reach Hartford in time to take the boat to-

"The steamboat! Lord bless me. Miss Mil

"Well, I forgot. It is no matter. I will go

that, I'll go, if it kills me. To think of their accusing Mr. Horace—as innocent a creature

as ever drew the breath of life. You don't

know New York, child. I went there once,

and could think of nothing but a great thunder-

storm. So, that man was your father, poor

You will stay here, and keep the house," said

"I'll stay, but not alone, goodness knows,

murmured the excited housekeeper. "Who

knows but some one will murder me! 'Twould

Milly is one of them. It is dreadful to let her

go alone. And Mr. Horace, that never hurt a fly in his life! It is dreadful—dreadful. Oh,

The heavy iron door of Horace Gresham's

Milly, as she left the room.

this wicked world!"

of the water makes me sea-sick as death!"

than ten years ago, by his own hand."

Where's my camphor?"

strove to be firm, she said :

guess he'll want his flannels."

er had accomplished his escape.

ream, which was heard on the opposite side

go first. I may fail, you know, and then you will be lost."

'I am sure you will not fail, if you spring."

easy to give an alarm.'

mashing sound!

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courage seemed to evaporate. His knees took better than any one else-how base and fals

addenly to shaking, and his teeth to chatter- is this charge."

ing, and a clammy moisture broke out on his That face-that dear face, so noble, so fault

rehead and at the tips of his fingers. It could less in its manly beauty-how it transfixed her not be the danger that terrified him, for he felt a naxions to make the attempt; only he felt a if a sword had entered her heart. For a mosudden, singular, and almost invincible reluc- ment she could not speak; then sliding down upon her knees, with clasped hands, and lips

"Oh, God! it cannot—cannot be! Speak Horace, say that it cannot."

" Milly, it is true." She fell senseless at his feet. She could not hear the explanation he was yearning to utter; and then, again, came the old yearning to gather to his bosom—to press one kiss on her lips, and—die. But the ghost of the murdered "I am not going first, Mister Attorney," lips, and—die. But the ghost of the murdered gambler stood between them, and, motioning to the jailor to take her away, he covered his eyes, while that functionary, with a tenderness that wholly belied his rough exterior, took her in his arms as he would a little babe, and, bear-

One more interview they had-an hour of confession, and tears, and agony, too terrible The attorney durst no longer resist. The to be described-and then they parted; she, to time was fleeting; every moment was of inesti-mable value. He looked out, shuddering, bestruggle through long weeks, with fever, and mable value. He looked out, shuddering, below, and, shuddering more, he gazed at the dark form at his side. He got up on the winder which bung his life.

ing her out, consigned her to the care of his

CHAP. VL

Many people will remember the intense in rest excited by the trial of Horace Gresham, for the murder of the gambler, Granger. The ong time which had elapsed since the alleged murder, the suddenness of his arrest, his high standing in society, the probity, dignity, kind ness, benevolence, and self-control, that had hitherto marked his character, his adoption of Milly, all conspired to render the trial one of

of the river, appalling many a sleeper, and causing them to start up in the dark, and listen.

Bewildered with fear, the sentry retreated half a dozen paces, and then looked up. In an instant his piece was to his shoulder, but the fear and service and servic From the hour of his interview with Milly, he surprise and sorrow of his friends, seemed barely to tolerate, rather than desire, their

But when the day of trial came, he surprised them all by entering the court-room with his usual firm step and dignified manner; and still more, when, in reply to the usual question of the court, of "Guilty, or Not Guilty?" he an-swered, in a firm tone, "Guilty, your Honor." Then, craving the indulgence of the court, he went on to state the whole circumstances of It is no longer a care-worn face that shows itself at the sitting-room at Ireton, and looks out with tearful eyes upon the old grave-yard, but a face young and very fair; for Millicent sits there now, and there are three graves in-Granger's death. He did not attempt to spare reach of sorrow or pain, while Widow Smith, the one word of truth, as he should be able to dess has provided for her, runs on with her nances grew sad again. Hawks, the compani-

Hawks, the companion of Varney, was the news, occasionally laying aside her knitting to first witness examined. He swore point blank stir the fire into a brighter blaze; for she is a to the murder; but in the course of his evidence he happened to meet the eye of the pris oner, and wavered. Gresham's lawyer availed was sinking amid great masses of leaden be-t-cious, fringing their undulating edges with crimson and gold. "The wild geese have gone rest for nothing, save to corroborate the pris-

ney for the prosecution called up Katherin ber. If Mr. Horace don't get home pretty soon, Hawks. Ames," said the woman, as she presented her oming; she has felt it all day. She has been self, and took the presesibed oath; it is the thinking as she often does, of late-of Horace, only name I can claim. of his frequent and prolonged absence from home since his mother's death; of the impassa-

in the condition of Horace Gresham, had ble but impalpable something that has been wrought one scarecly less marked upon her between them for years-indeed, ever since she She was far more haggard, miserable-looking refused Alfred Lester—which she cannot fail to than when shen she had told Varney the story feel, through all his unvarying kindness; of his of the gambler's death. There was death in eel, through all his unvarying kindness; of his of the gambler's death. There was death is fe, so full of self-denial and thoughtful kind-her hollow cheeks, and short, difficult breath less for others, and yet, as her own heart but there was far more of the woman the

fixed, threatening gaze of Varney, She re there, and settle down for life. "He has always read my heart," she thinks; "perhaps he has discovered—how—how much I think of had said. No legal ruses, no cross-questioning, fear of making me unhappy; it is just like him;" and the poor girl hides her burning face in her hands at the thought. As she looks she turned from the witness stand; and, once up, Mrs. Allen, their neighbor, stands in her more meeting the gaze of Varney, returned his doorway, arranging her daughter Lucy's shawl look of baffled rage with one of defiance.

for her, and then, with a kiss on her fair fore
The brief charge of the judge, and the briefer absence of the jury, was followed by the unanimous verdict of "Not Guilty," and

head, sends her forth to her music lessons. It is but a simple scene—yet, somehow, it touches Milly Granger's heart deeply, and she Horace Gresham stood, a free man, amid his turns her tear-blinded eyes again to the group friends. and moved to the opposite window with that sations there; so he turned away, and again morning's copy of the "Tribune," to read the went up and down among men, doing with his &c., her favor- might whatsoever his hand found to do : but with no hope, scarcely any wish, to gather again

taken up for murder, the murder of a man household life in his hands. called Granger; and they have got him in One gleam of light there One gleam of light there was, amid the dark ness-a gleam that had suddenly burst on him uring that last agonizing interview with Milly but in his hopelessness he dared not dwell upon it; so he resolutely struggled to look only to Milly Granger sits by the window, as of old;

but it is not the same window; and she sees the graves now only in her memory. Neither is she the same; for her cheek is thin, and very companion indicated. Then, with a voice which pale-almost transparent; and her eyes have that far-seeing expression, as if they looked right through into heaven. The house is Judge Sprague's; it has been her home ever since that terrible fever, which

followed her interview with Horace, left he The pity which induced the Judge and his no ble wife to give her a shelter has grown into ly, I'll do anything in the world for you and Mr. Horace; but that boat—the very thought warm love, and she has become as a beloved daughter to them. The Judge, a stately old man, enters the room where she sits, and says anxionsly-"So the poor woman is dead, Milly?"

"Yes, sir; she died soon after I reached the

"But not before "-" Not before she had again asserted the truth f every word she had uttered at the trial. But ndeed, indeed, sir, there was no need of that I never doubted "---and her eyes filled with

tears.
"Nor I, my child; but as I stumbled upor this woman so accidentally, and she seemed so anxious to see you, I thought it best for you to go, though I knew it might be painful. I fear ose villains treated her inhumanly.' "I fear they did, sir, though she made

"Milly, my child," said the Judge, after a mo ment's silence, "I have a letter for you. It is from Horace Gresham. Are you strong enough to read it?" he asked, anxiously scanning her face, which only grew a shade paler than be

He placed the letter in it, and withdrew to the farther end of the spacious parlor, and busied

Presently, he was startled by her quick sobs. They were the first tears he had seen her weep since that fearful fever left her; and he went to her side, and bent over her with a mingled feel

ing of fear and gratitude, saying only, "Milly, Milly!"

"Read that, sir."

against the will of the party that elect-

nen, if any one says, jeeringly, "That ee exalted, and remember plain old Goodcinnatus, called from his plough to the sure, there has been one of the leather craft